AIRS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

NORWOOD GYPSIES.

[Price Sixpence.]

AIRS, DUETS, &c.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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IN THE NEW

PANTOMIME,

CALLED THE

NORWOOD GYPSIES.

PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1777.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE NORWOOD GYPSIES.

CATCH AND CHORUS.

JUSTICE, CONSTABLE, and GYPSIES.

GYPSIES.

OH, Miſter Juſtice, forgive us, pray,
J. I'll puniſh ye, Vagabonds, without delay.
J. C. A Conſtable! a Conſtable!
G. Oh, woeful Hour;
J. C. A Conſtable! a Conſtable!
G. Oh, ſpare your Pow'r.

J. C.

J. C. A Conſtable! a Conſtable!
G. Nay, ſince 'tis ſo,
J. C. To Priſon with theſe Vagabonds.
G. Companions, ho!
J. C. More Conſtables! more Conſtables!
G. Come on, come on;
J. C. They're too much for us;
Run, Boys, run.
G. So, So, Maſter Juſtice, it is our turn now;
J. C. I meant but to frighten, I ſwear and vow.
G. What ſhall we do with him?
2d G. The Horſe-Pond is nigh;
J. C. I meant but to frighten;
All G. You lie, you lie.
J. C. Some Mercy ſhew;
All G. No, no, no, no;
J. C. Oh, ſpare me, pray;
All C. Away; away.

CHORUS.

Oh, ſpare me, pray;
Away, away.

AIR.

AIR.

GYPSEY.

From the famous Peak of Derby;
And the Devil's Cave there hard by;
Where we yearly keep our Muſters,
Here the Gypſies throng in Cluſters.

CHORUS.

Give us Bacon, Rinds of Walnuts,
Shells of Cockles, and of ſmall Nuts,
Ribbands, Bells, and Saffron Linen,
All the World is ours to run in.

RE-

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

1ſt GYPSEY.

So far 'tis well; the Day is ours;
Now, Youth, employ thy wily Pow'rs;
Complete, by thoſe, our great Deſign;
The Juſtice's Daughter ſhall be thine:
Thy Love, thy Conſtancy, and Truth,
Deſerve her—Siſters, aid the Youth;
A motley Garment ſtraight prepare,
Variety delights the Fair.

RECITATIVE.

1 *Gyp.* Lo! here I throw a Slip of *Blue*,
Like Violet, wet with early Dew.
2 *Gyp.* Here's *White*, as pure as Hawthorn Bud,
3 *Gyp.* *Brown*, like the Leaves of Autumn ſtew'd,
4 *Gyp.* *Black*, that reſembles Hedge-row Berry;
5 *Gyp.* *Red*, full to view as Winter-Cherry,
6 *Gyp.* And *Yellow*, dy'd like Walnut Stain,
That paints the comely Gypſies Train.

SONG

SONG AND CHORUS.

2d GYPSEY.

I.

The Fairy beam upon you,
The Stars to glister on you,
A Moon of Light,
In the Noon of Night,
'Till the Fire Drake hath o'ergone you.

CHORUS.

A Moon of Light,
In the Noon of Night,
'Till the Fire Drake hath o'ergone you.

II.

The Wheel of Fortune guide you,
The Boy with the Bow beſide you,
Run aye in the Way,
'Till the Bird of Day,
And the luckier Lot betide you.

CHORUS.

Run aye in the Way,
'Till the Bird of Day,
And the luckier Lot betide you.

CATCH.

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Silence!
To-morrow Night this Play again,
I ſay, Encore, Encore, Encore.
I ſay, no more, no more, no more,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
To-morrow Night this Play again.

THE PASTORAL.

COLIN.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

What State of Life can be ſo bleſt,
As Love, that warms the Human Breaſt?
Two Souls in one, the ſame Deſire,
To grant the Bliſs, and to require;
If in this Heaven a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
Oh, Jealouſy,
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant of the Mind.

AIR.

AIR.

I.

A Lover of late was I;
For Cupid would have it ſo;
The Boy that hath never an Eye,
As every Man doth know.
I ſigh'd, and ſobb'd, and cried, Ah, me!
For her that laugh'd in Revelry.

II.

An' I were as fair as ſhe:
Or ſhe were as fond as I;
What Pair could have made as we,
So pretty a Sympathy?
I was as fond as ſhe was Fair;
But for all this we could not Pair.

RECITATIVE.

She comes, my Lucy, and doth this Way move,
Perhaps to ſing of her perfidious Love.

LUCY.

LUCY.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Come, Night, as dark as Pitch, ſurround my Head,
From Lucy, Colin is falſe-hearted fled;
The Ribband that his val'rous Cudgel won,
Laſt Sunday, happier Roſalind put on.
Ah! well-a-day, I'm pierc'd with baneful Smart;
For, with the Ribband he beſtow'd his Heart.

COLIN.

RECITATIVE.

Stay, Lucy, ſtay, all Peace your Colin flies,
Since you beſtow'd on William's Pipe the Prize.

AIR.

Why ring the Woods, with warbling Throats?
Ye Nightingales, ah, ceaſe your Strains!
I faintly hear, in your ſweet Notes,
My Lucy's Voice, that wakes my Pains.
Yet why ſhould you your Song forbear?
Your Mates delight your Song to hear,
But Lucy mine diſdains.

LUCY.

'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,
That ſwell'd thy Lip and roſy Cheek;
Think not thy Skill in Song defam'd;
That Lip ſhould other Pleaſure ſeek.
Much, much thy Muſic I approve;
Yet break thy Pipe; for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee ſpeak.

DUET

COLIN, LUCY.

Col. Turn, turn, my Lucy, to thy Swain,
Thy Colin calls thee back again;
Here is a pretty Arbour nigh,
Where Apollo cannot ſpy:
Here let's ſit; and while we play,
Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Luc. Turn, turn, &c.

AIR AND RECITATIVE, ACCOMPANIED.

1ſt GYPSEY.

Welcome, my Son, ſince you have gain'd the Maid,
Your Schemes and Labours amply are repaid;
Speed now with us, to join our friendly Train;
Her Father's Bleſſing we will ſoon obtain;
A Father's Sanction ſhall each Care remove,
And all your Hours be Harmony and Love.

RE-

RECITATIVE.

2d GYPSEY.

Now, make them happy; if you dare refuſe,
Our Arts and Spells to plague you, ſtill we uſe;
But yield Compliance, here our Torments ceaſe,
And all to come is Harmony and Peace.

LAST SONG, CHORUS, AND DANCE.

I.

To the Old, long Life and Treaſure,
To the Young, all Health and Pleaſure,
To the Fair, their Face,
With eternal Grace,
And the Foul, to be lov'd at Leiſure!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

To the Fair, their Face,
With eternal Grace,
And the Foul, to be lov'd at Leiſure.

II.

To the Witty, all clear Mirrors,
To the Fooliſh, their dark Errors,
To the loving Sprite,
All ſecure Delight;
To the jealous, his own falſe Terrors.

CHORUS.

To the loving Sprite,
A ſecure Delight;
To the jealous, his own falſe Terrors.

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FINIS.